

THE LEISURE HOUR.

BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,
AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND.—*Crozier.*



THE OLD WAITER AT THE OLD COFFEE-HOUSE.

LOMBARDY COURT:

A STORY OF THE CITY AND THE SEA.

CHAPTER XXX.—THE CAT AND SHOVEL.

"Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn?"
Shakespeare.

IT was yet early in the afternoon, and John Peterson did not like the idea of returning home much before his usual hour, on account of the explanation that

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must follow with his mother. He was still fretting under the insult which he had received; and although he had carried affairs with a high hand, he could not but feel mortified when he reflected that Mr. Huxtable had succeeded after all in getting rid of him. The duel between them was at an end, and he was the victim, wounded and vanquished through his own hastiness and indiscretion. It was a serious thing too, apart from the mortification he felt, for his means of subsistence were suddenly taken away,

PRICE ONE PENNY.

and his mother was in a measure dependent upon him. He had time to think matters over as he walked slowly down King William Street and on to London Bridge, where he halted and stood for a long time looking over the parapet at the shipping.

Already he felt himself an idler upon the earth. He had no business to attend to, nowhere to go, nothing to do. He could not return to his studies, for he must earn money, and he felt that his thoughts would be too much engaged by the exigencies of his situation to allow of his applying them with any prospect of advantage to his books. He might get another situation, perhaps, or find occupation as a tutor or assistant in a school; but for that it would be necessary that he should give references to his former employers, or, in other words, to Mr. Huxtable. The more he thought over his difficulty the more he was perplexed and disheartened. He felt envious of the foot-passengers, going along in a continual stream evidently with some business to attend to, some purpose to accomplish; envious of the boatmen on the river, of the labourers on the wharves, of the waggons walking by their horses' heads. They were all doing their duty and earning their hire. He alone was idle.

"I have done wrong," he murmured to himself; "doubly wrong. I have done nothing else but wrong ever since that miserable day when my poor father met his death in that river. If it were not for my mother I should care very little what happened to me now. I am a pauper. Paupers ought not to have any feelings or passions. I must go back, I suppose, to Lombardy Court and beg to be taken in again, and ask Mr. Huxtable's pardon. For what? I did not touch him. I did not lay a finger on him. He was too quick for me. I am glad, very glad of that. I do not know what I might have done to him in my fury if he had not got out of my way so quickly. What am I to beg his pardon for? because he insulted me? Why should I not go back and tell Mr. Goldie how it all happened? He would say I had done right; at all events he would admit that the provocation I received was enough to justify any outbreak of passion. But no; I cannot tell him what Huxtable said; there was too much truth in it. I deserved it, but not from him. Oh, Charley! Charley! I changed places with you once in my selfishness and pride, and I have repented it almost ever since. What would I not give if I could change places again with you now wherever you may be!"

John Peterson said nothing to his mother that night of what had happened. For two or three days he kept silence, leaving the house at his usual early hour each morning, and returning to it in the evening, and evading as best he could his mother's inquiries about what was doing at the counting-house, and the information she was still hoping to receive from thence. He met Mr. Adolphus by chance in the neighbourhood of Lombardy Court one day, and took advantage of the accident to inquire fully as to all that was going on there.

"Look here, old fellah," said his majesty; "what can I do for you? Can't I speak a word for you at court—the court, you know? Can't I take a message to Goldie and set matters right? We all miss you out of the office awfully, don't you know. There has been no excitement since you left. It was a shame of you to go off in that way."

"I could not help it," John replied. "You would say so if you knew everything."

"I don't know everything," said Adolphus, "and I don't know any fellah that does. But I know one thing, and that is that Goldie was very much put out at your going away. He has not been like the same man since. Jones says so, and I say so, and everybody says so. He has taken quite a dislike to Huxtable, and can't be civil to him. You can come back whenever you like, don't you know, let Huxtable say what he will."

"Which way are you going?" John asked. "I have nothing to do, and will walk with you."

"I am going towards the east," Adolphus answered, "to a place called Willow Grove; and it is near Poplar. It sounds very rural, but you never know what a place is till you see it. I dare say there are no willows there except what are to be seen upon the plates and dishes, and no groves and no poplars."

"What are you going there for, if I may ask?"

"To see a lady of the name of Salter, on business; not exactly commerce, but connected with it. She is the mother of one of those poor fellows," he went on, in a more serious tone, "who was on board the Daphne. Goldie Brothers have been organising a sort of intelligence department, and send news to the seamen's wives and others as soon as they receive any themselves of the ships in which their relatives are sailing. I have no news, I am sorry to say for poor Mrs. Salter; but Goldie was talking about her, and I volunteered to go and see how she was getting on, and to take her a little present. It is a good idea, keeping up the connection, don't you know, with the poor women and children when their husbands and fathers are away. Jack Salter used to support his mother out of his pay, and she will be glad of a little help now. Goldie means to allow her something weekly."

"Yes," said John; "it is a very good idea."

"I don't know who started it," said Adolphus. "I don't think it was Goldie himself, and I don't think it was his wife."

"Perhaps it was his daughter," John suggested.

"Do you think so?" said Adolphus, eagerly. "So do I. It would be just like her. She was always so kind-hearted and considerate."

"She was a great friend to my mother," said John, "and to Charley."

"Ah, yes; when he was a boy; he would not be much more than a boy now, don't you know."

"I wish he were here," said John Peterson. "I wish I could be sure that he was alive."

"Amy—Miss Goldie was always so much interested about the seamen," Mr. Adolphus continued, after a short silence, "especially—" but there his voice faltered a little, and he ceased speaking.

"Especially of the Daphne, you were going to say."

"Was I? Yes; I believe I was."

"That would be natural, you know, for my mother's sake."

"For his mother's sake; yes, to be sure," Mr. Adolphus answered. "But that was not the only reason; else, why should she go all the way to Poplar to see Mrs. Salter? She has been there herself more than once. They are going to make a regular thing of it, Mr. Goldie says, and to visit all the wives and children and people belonging to the sailors, and to see that they don't want anything, if they can help it. It's not for one person's sake more than another's. Jones will tell you the same."

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"I want to see Mr. Jones," John answered. "I must go and look him up."

"You'll find him at the Cat and Shovel any day at one o'clock. You know where the Cat and Shovel is, don't you?"

"Yes," John answered; "and as it is getting towards one o'clock now, I'll go there at once." They had arrived by this time at the railway-station, where Mr. Adolphus was to take the train for Poplar; and there they parted.

The Cat and Shovel was a coffee and chop-house in one of the courts or alleys in the neighbourhood of Fenchurch Street, and was a much more quiet and respectable house of entertainment than might have been inferred from its name. The name, indeed, was not acknowledged by its proprietor, who gave it his own patronymic and no other; but the sobriquet clung to it in spite of him, and was a better name at all events than the original one, the Cut and Shuffle, from which it was derived. Tradition said that this quiet, dreary-looking coffee-house had in former years, a century or more ago, been rather a fast house, and that a great deal of gambling had gone on there; no one could calculate what sums of money had changed hands over those dark, well-polished mahogany tables. Speculation had been rampant in the large coffee-room, and card-playing in the parlours upstairs; and many a rising young merchant, hastening to be rich, had become suddenly poor instead. Those days were past; and now the chief frequenters of the house were elderly and respectable clerks and men of business, some of whom had occupied the same places at the same hour of the day for many years past, either for luncheon or dinner. There was a white-headed waiter, who had grown old with the house, and without any change of costume apparently, for he wore the same frills to his shirts, the same shoes and buckles, and the same knee-breeches which had been in fashion with a former generation. He did not do a great deal of waiting now, but made a point of attending to the customers of longest standing, and ushered them to their accustomed places with a friendly greeting and a remark, as often wrong as right, about the weather. John Peterson was not acquainted with the usages of the house; and finding that Mr. Jones had not yet arrived, he dropped into the first chair that happened to be in his way, to wait for him.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said George, the white-headed waiter, severely, "that place is engaged."

John moved, without speaking, to another.

George (he had never been known by any other name) again disturbed him; that place was also "bespoke, permanently bespoke at that hour."

John tried a third chair at a third table.

George was "just going to lay a cloth there for a gentleman. Did you want anybody in particular?" he asked.

"Yes. Mr. Jones. I thought this was a public room; one place ought to be as free as another here."

"Mr. Jones will be here in a few minutes," George answered, stiffly, without taking notice of his remark.

"Then I'll step outside, and look in again presently."

"Will you leave your name?"

"Peterson."

"Peterson? Jones?" the old waiter repeated half aloud. "Are you—why yes, you must be—Mr. Peterson's son?"

John assented to this manifest truth, and was turning away, but George intercepted him.

"I beg your pardon, sir," he said. "I see the likeness now. I had the honour of knowing your father. He used to come here sometimes; not regularly, but to meet other people; and he was a gentleman wherever he went. He was very kind to me too; he did me a great service once; he would have done a service to anybody. I am sorry I did not recognise you. Pray sit down. This is Mr. Jones's table. Dear, dear! how sad it was! and how glad I am to see a son of Mr. Peterson's in this place."

It was pleasant to find that his father had been so generally respected; but he feared that some unpleasant questions about himself might follow, and was glad when Mr. Jones at length entered the room and interrupted the *tête-à-tête*. His object in seeking an interview with the old book-keeper was to ask for his interest in procuring another engagement, and permission to refer to him for a "character." Mr. Jones was glad to see him, and promised every assistance in his power. "But," said he, "you ought to go back to Lombardy Court. Mr. Goldie would have you in a minute if you would but apply. It's unkind of you not to do so."

"If I could be sure of that," John answered—"if Mr. Goldie would only send me a message by you, I would return instantly; I should be only too glad."

"You cannot expect him to go so far as that," Mr. Jones replied. "I could not advise him to do it; it would be a bad precedent. But I can see that he is very much distressed at the course things have taken, and I think, as a young man, you ought to make your submission to him."

"I have done so to him, and would do it again," said John; "but I cannot apologise to Huxtable; it would be no use if I were to attempt it. He said truly, that the house cannot contain us both."

"I am sorry for it," Mr. Jones replied. "Well, I will do what I can to help you. You can meet me here any day at this hour. I will think it over and see what can be done."

After that John Peterson went every two or three days to see Mr. Jones at the Cat and Shovel, and on one of these occasions the old clerk met him with a mysterious smile upon his face. He had evidently been waiting for him with impatience, and began at once, "Who do you think came to the office this morning?" he asked.

"How can I tell? You don't mean that there is any news of Charley?" His heart was in his mouth, and he could hardly utter the name.

"No, no," said Jones, sadly. "I'm afraid I have misled you; there is no news of your brother. I don't know that we could expect any. Captain Chubb was disappointed himself, thinking we were more likely to have heard than he was."

"Captain Chubb!"

"Yes, he arrived this morning. You will like to see him, of course. He has a great deal to tell us; but nothing about Charles. When he has done with Mr. Goldie he must see you. Come back with me to the counting-house; it might be all made up there in a moment."

It was a good idea of Mr. Jones's, but it did not answer, for John Peterson was obstinate. He agreed to wait in the Exchange until Captain Chubb should come to him there, and spent a couple of hours walking to and fro, and looking anxiously for the skipper's arrival. He began at last to fear that he would not come, and made up his mind, in spite of

his former resolution, to go to Lombardy Court to look for him.

CHAPTER XXXI.—HOME AGAIN.

"Report me and my cause aright."—*Shakespeare*.

JOHN PETERSON was just quitting the Exchange when he saw the short sturdy form of Captain Chubb approaching. He was dressed in a new suit of dark blue, evidently slops, but of the best and most fashionable cut as fashion rules in Aldgate Street and the Minories.

John and he had met once or twice before, and recognised each other at the same moment.

"No news of Charley?" said John, after their first greeting.

"No news of Charley? no. Bless his heart!" said the seaman, sorrowfully. "Bless him, wherever he is, if he ain't beyond the reach of any blessing from such as we are. What does his mother say? How does she bear it? What does she think about it all? She will be the last to give him up, of course. I hope she don't blame me, though it would be only natural, that would."

"No, Captain Chubb. How could any one blame you? You did your duty nobly, according to all that we hear."

"That will come out by-and-by," said the skipper, "I don't want any credit for it till it's proved. It will all have to come out. In the meantime, I know what everybody will say: 'Captain Chubb has lost his ship.' That will be it."

John Peterson could not help feeling that there might be some truth in this.

"It don't signify much," said the skipper. "There'll be an inquiry, of course, and then it will all come out. Though I doubt it will never be quite forgotten that Captain Chubb lost the Daphne. I have been a very fortunate man hitherto. 'Lucky Captain Chubb,' they called me. It was always 'luck' when things went well; we shall see what they will call it now. I'm afraid the 'luck' will be forgotten, and it will be 'Chubb that lost the Daphne.'

"You must come and see my mother," said John.

"I couldn't do it," said the captain, "not till after the inquiry."

"You must come home with me to-day."

The skipper shook his head.

"She will have no rest until you come and tell her all about Charley; up to the time of the collision, I mean."

"Well, that's natural, to be sure. There's nothing but good to tell of him so far. A nicer young fellow I never sailed with."

"Come and tell her that; it will give her so much pleasure."

"I don't feel to like to show my face, though," said the skipper; "but she would be pleased to hear about that poor dear lad, no doubt. Stop a bit, though. There's a lady and her son waiting for me at an hotel hard by—Mrs. Carlton and Reggie, bless the boy! They have been with me through it all. We only came ashore this morning, and have had to go about and get something to put on."

They were walking towards the hotel as they talked, and John soon made Mrs. Carlton's acquaintance and her son's also. He was bent on taking them all home with him, and Mrs. Carlton was pleased at the prospect of seeing Mrs. Peterson, with whom she felt that she had just then a great deal in

common. The skipper alone held back. "I don't know that I could face her," he said. "Poor lady! I promised her I would take care of the lad. Mrs. Carlton can go and tell her everything."

"I'll tell her all about Charley," said the commodore; "but you must go with me, Captain Chubb. I'll tell her how you took care of everybody except yourself; how you were the last to leave the ship, and were nearly killed in trying to save the rest. She shall know all about it, shan't she, mother? and she will put her arms round your neck and kiss you."

And the boy, springing up, suited his action to his words.

"Hold your tongue!" said the skipper, clasping him fondly, and then putting him down. "There never was such a boy! Ah, there's a good deal to tell on both sides. But I couldn't face your mother yet awhile, Mr. Peterson."

He had to yield, however, and did so the more willingly at last because he thought it might perhaps be a duty, and, however painful, he did not like the idea of shirking it, or putting it off upon somebody else; so they all got into an omnibus, which set them down at the corner of the street, and within a few doors of Mrs. Peterson's house.

John Peterson went on first to prepare his mother for her visitors, and to guard against the disappointment which she would naturally feel at hearing no tidings of her boy. Of course it was not to be expected that Captain Chubb could tell them anything more as to his fate than they already knew; but it might be necessary to explain that. It was with difficulty after all that they could get Captain Chubb up to the door, and after he was in the house he did not open his lips, except to check the eloquence of Mrs. Carlton and her son, and to murmur, "I should not have let him go in the other boat; he ought to have been along with me. I promised to look after him. But keep a good heart, ma'am; I don't give him up, not I. You'll, maybe, hear of him again, or see him, just when you don't expect it."

They calmed down after a time, and dined together. Sally had been standing in the doorway listening and crying and laughing, and dusting the chairs with her apron, as an excuse for her presence in the room, and she rushed downstairs, at the first hint of dinner, to prepare the tray. When that was ready she remembered that there was nothing but the cold mutton in the house, so with many signs and grimaces she made the fact known to Mrs. Peterson, and then nipped out for some chops, which she cooked with as much care and attention as her excitement would allow, slipping upstairs between each turn to peep and listen at the parlour door, ready to laugh or cry again, whenever her darling's name was mentioned, and doing both alternately. She would have liked to throw her arms around the captain's neck and kiss him, according to the programme which Reggie had sketched out for Mrs. Peterson, and to hug "little Master Commodore" also, when she heard them both talking of her dear Charley as if they loved him; and she vowed to herself that the latter at least should experience this token of her favour before he left the house, and wiped her lips and polished her face with the apron of all work in the anticipation.

The chops announced themselves long before they were ready; and though the savour of them was very appetising, Captain Chubb rose at the hint, and would have taken his leave; but yielded with a good

grace when Mrs. Peterson laid hands on him and begged him not to go. And good reason they all had to rejoice that they had met with such excellent quarters, for chops like these the captain thought he had never tasted in his life; so tender, so savoury, so well cooked; and his fellow-travellers declared the same, and thought so too. Hard fare for many preceding months would have made a worse feast seem luxurious. Sally waited upon them all with more than her usual agility, and brought up the chops hot and hot; and when the captain turned round to thank her for his third, and to protest that it was beyond his powers, notwithstanding the excellence of her cookery, she could no longer restrain her feelings, but blessed his heart and bade him try.

"You'll excuse her, Captain Chubb, I'm sure," Mrs. Peterson said, apologetically. "Sally has been with us so many years, and has shared all our troubles, and she was so fond of Charley, and so kind to him when he was ill; she is quite one of ourselves, Sally is." And then the captain nodded to Sally, and rose from his chair and shook hands with her as if he were never going to leave off again; and all the rest of the party looked on smiling and well pleased.

Dinner ended, the skipper said he must depart at once, although it grieved him sadly, for they had left their traps—not many of them—at the hotel, and folks would wonder when they were coming back. They had no friends in London, and Mrs. Carlton would have to take a lodging for the present.

A lodging! why the very thing was found. Mrs. Peterson had often talked of letting her first floor. The rooms could be got ready at once; Sally would see to that; Mrs. Carlton must stay there at all events that night, and if the lodging suited her she could have it as much longer as she liked. There was so much to be talked about, so much to be said and done, so many things to be arranged, that they were very glad to accept this solution of their difficulties. Already Mrs. Carlton felt herself at home in Mrs. Peterson's house, and wished for nothing better than to stay there quietly after so many adventures and fatigues. So Captain Chubb went back into the City to fetch the "traps," and on his return found another comfortable meal awaiting him, with muffins and hot toast, and a bed bespoken for him at a respectable coffee-house hard by whenever he should be ready to retire.

That was not till a late hour. The chief incidents of the voyage out were related again and again, especially as to Charley's participation in them. It was a pleasure not unmixed with pain, but the widow loved to hear about her son, and could not be satisfied after the first difficulty of speaking about him had been overcome. Captain Chubb, too, had a way of putting things which was encouraging and hopeful; he told anecdotes of men whom he had known who had been lost for years, and had turned up all right at last, and had been enjoying themselves mightily all the while on some beautiful island of the Pacific, or it might be even in the Arctic regions. Hardships! why, of course, there were hardships everywhere, but not more at sea, on the whole, mind you, ma'am, than on shore; landsmen had strange ideas on that head. Besides, hardships didn't do anybody any harm in the long run. Look at Mrs. Carlton; she had been weak and ailing before she left England, and during a great part of the voyage most seriously ill indeed. He, Captain Chubb, had

been at his wits' end what to do for her; but from the time she was cast away in that boat it was wonderful how she had improved, and what she had done for him. And look at her now, with the bloom of health upon her cheek, and—and—

Mrs. Carlton checked the captain's enthusiasm, and bade him be silent, but he broke out again presently; "Your son, ma'am, was getting as brown and as red and as strong as you could have wished at the time of our misfortune; the sea air and the sea voyage had done him no end of good. Hardships! nothing of the sort; men don't require home comforts on board ship and under foreign climates. And after all, what does it signify where a man is? there's the same heaven above and the same Divine Providence to take care of us, whether at sea or on shore, and it must all come right in the end. What do you say, commodore?"

"There's a sweet little cherub sits smiling aloft," said the boy, thoughtfully, and perhaps a little sadly.

Thus the gallant seaman comforted the widow's heart and entertained his hearers until it was time for him to say good night, and he departed, promising to look in upon them early the next day.

UTOPIAS, OR SCHEMES OF SOCIAL IMPROVEMENT.

BY THE REV. M. KAUFMANN, M.A., AUTHOR OF "SOCIALISM: ITS NATURE, ITS DANGERS, AND ITS REMEDIES CONSIDERED."

II.—BACON'S "NEW ATLANTIS" AND CAMPANELLA'S "CITY OF THE SUN."

MORE than a century had passed away since the appearance of More's "Utopia." The religious ferment produced by the Reformation movement had begun to show signs of abatement, when another movement closely connected with it made its appearance almost at the same time in England and Italy, namely, the rise of a new philosophy. A small body of original thinkers rose up, who, breaking loose from the old methods of scientific inquiry, sought out new paths for discovering the laws of nature, and in so doing to ameliorate the social condition of mankind.

Lord Bacon and the Dominican friar Campanella were both deeply interested in this powerful intellectual movement; they were both influenced by the teachings of a common master, Teleso, one of the "novi homines" whose avowed aim it was to destroy the authority of Aristotle, the "tyrant of souls," and to free the human mind from intellectual shackles, just as the Reformers had endeavoured to free mankind from spiritual thralldom.

By education and early associations, as well as in their subsequent experiences, no two men could differ from each other more widely than Lord Bacon and Thomas Campanella. Whilst the latter was wasting his early life in a cloister, the former was qualifying for a successful career at the bar; whilst the Italian was in prison for the next twenty-seven years of his life on account of his political and religious convictions, the Englishman was gradually rising into fame and political power; and whereas Campanella died at last in comparative obscurity, scarcely remembered in our own day, though once the forerunner of a great scientific revolution, Lord Bacon is still revered as the man whose appearance marked an epoch in scientific history. Yet both these men, in

spite of these differences of position and fortune, were inspired by the same ideas, they both expected identical results of a stupendous nature from the progress of natural science in the improvement of our race.

The social surroundings of the Calabrian monk were by no means of an encouraging character. He lived among a people enervated by political corruption and in the last stage of national decrepitude.

"The people is a beast of muddy brain,"

he says, in one of his celebrated sonnets, disgusted as he was with their apathy for social improvement and their impervious indifference to new ideas. No small amount of faith in his own mission was, therefore, necessary for Campanella to take upon himself the "Philosophical and Social Apostolate," and, in spite of persecution, imprisonment, and torture, to persevere in his belief in the final triumph of good, and a golden age to be brought about by equality and brotherly love.

Bacon was more fortunate in his personal experiences. Living in one of the most flourishing periods of English history, in the midst of national prosperity and intellectual progress, he was buoyed up not only by an inner consciousness of power, but by external surroundings. The unparalleled triumphs of the age of Elizabeth gave an impulse to the sanguine hopes in the progress of mankind contained in the "New Atlantis."

There was one point in which the history of these two great men coincided. They both were born in an age of discovery. The invention of printing, with its wider diffusion of knowledge and culture; the discovery of America and a new passage to the East Indies, with the consequent influx of wealth and luxury; the further spread of commerce, exciting the spirit of inquiry and adventure, and with it unbounded desires and longings; all these aided in opening new prospects to aspiring humanity, and could not fail to produce profound impressions on such minds as that of Bacon, "the most sagacious of mankind," and that of Campanella, the friend of Galileo. Both were gifted with scientific tact along with imaginative genius, both were inspired with the enthusiasm of scientific reform and social ideals, hence both produced similar Utopias.

The scheme for social improvement as conceived in the brain of the Dominican friar differs in many respects from that of the eminent Englishman, but the "New Atlantis," as well as the "Civitas solis," may be called prophecies of social improvement, as the effects of the advancement of learning, the one under an enlightened hierarchy, the other under perfect monarchical institutions.

Of Lord Bacon, it has been said that he thought in the manner of artists and poets, and speaks after the manner of prophets and seers. We may see this verified in the "New Atlantis," which we must now proceed to consider in its general outlines.

In this fragment of Bacon's social philosophy we have indications of the manner in which he thought it possible to improve the social condition of our race by means of enriching mankind with new discoveries and additional resources, and by means of which he sought to promote the contentment and happiness of man by fitting him out with a complete equipment of instruments and powers for the entire conquest of nature.

The "New Atlantis" was written in its present incomplete form in 1624, and published three years

later, with the author's approbation. It embodies Bacon's visions of the future, and is remarkable not only as a philosophical speculation or scientific romance, but as being the outcome of sane reflection, containing but few, if any, of those chimerical extravagancies to be found in other Utopias. In the description of the conditions of mankind here we have nothing but the practical results he anticipated from a diligent and systematic study of nature according to his own principles.* In the prospect opened in the "New Atlantis" there is nothing impossible to Bacon's own mind, and what he describes in the "House of Solomon" therein he believes to be realizable at no very distant future.

The religion of this imaginary island, like that of More's Utopia, is tolerant and humane; it inculcates the amity of nations, kindness and compassion towards the alien and distressed. One of the sages of the "New Atlantis," receiving strangers from afar, rejoices to find them not indifferent to religious inquiries. "Ye knit my heart to you," he says, "by asking this question in the first place; for it sheweth that you first seek the kingdom of heaven."

In politics we are told the king had "a large heart, inscrutable for good, and was wholly bent to make his kingdom and people happy." The islanders find seclusion from the rest of the world conducive to the public welfare, "doubting novelties and commixture of manners." Their country being an island of large extent, of rare fertility of soil, and extensive shipping, they are comparatively independent of foreigners. Still voyages are undertaken by ambassadors selected for that purpose, to keep the inhabitants of the "New Atlantis" informed of all the discoveries and improvements in foreign lands.

"Solomon's House"† (of the description of which Lord Macaulay says "that there is not to be found in any human composition a passage more eminently distinguished by profound and serene wisdom") is the "lanthorn" of the kingdom; "it is dedicated to the study of the works and creatures of God." It is a sort of national museum and laboratory for the discovery of "the true nature of things." The main object of its foundation is "the knowledge of causes, and secret motion of things; and the enlarging of the bands of human empire, to the effecting of all things possible." Hence it must contain all instruments for the observation of natural phenomena and new discoveries, in order to the conquest of natural obstacles standing in the way of human happiness. It must furnish, moreover, the means for preserving and prolonging life, and the undisturbed enjoyment of existence. There are observatories, engine-houses, even "wildfires under water" (torpedoes), and there "we imitate the flight of the birds" (balloons). Men are appointed to various offices of research and the collection of facts, as well as "mystery men," for the study of scientific principles and their practical application, pioneers and miners to make new experiments, compilers of statistics and others to "cast about how to draw out of them things of use and practice for man's life," until we finally come to the class called "interpreters of nature," who codify the results of discovery and observation with axioms and aphorisms for the future guidance of mankind to pro-

* See on this "Wisdom of our Forefathers" (Bacon), published by the Religious Tract Society, p. 230, and compare Hallam's "Lit. History," vol. iii. p. 103.

† Some think that in the name of Solomon some flattering allusion is here intended to James I., on his elevation to the throne of England.

vide against maladies and misfortunes arising from natural causes.

Nor is the search after "more light" disassociated in the "New Atlantis" from the practice of virtue. As to morality, "it is the virgin of the world. Self-respect is the spring of their virtue; therefore the reverence of a man's self is next to religion the chiefest bridle of all vices."

Nor does this search after goodness and truth interfere with a joyous mode of living our life here below. On the contrary, the simplicity and serenity of patriarchal life on scientific principles gives completeness to the home, and the cheerfulness of well-regulated households on a large scale is increased by occasional feasts and family gatherings, accompanied by interesting and instructive ceremonies, closing with "music and dances, and other recreations after their manner."

In short, Bacon expects a startling revolution in the course of human affairs, in consequence of a wider spread of scientific knowledge; he anticipates a new heaven and a new earth from a wider diffusion of the knowledge of natural laws. More had seen in the revival of classical learning and in the dawn of the Reformation a promise of social improvement among the people. Bacon, a century later, saw in the revival of scientific inquiry, and in the rise of his own experimental philosophy, the promise of amelioration in the physical and moral condition of mankind.

Thus we see how the mind of man cannot rest satisfied with existing arrangements, but soars after a higher social ideal when it feels itself lifted out of its ordinary level in the lower regions of custom and conventionality. The occasion is given by some mighty current of thought or feeling passing through masses of men periodically. Sometimes it is the outburst of a religious reformation, at other times the revival of the old learning, and then again the renewed spirit of research inquiring into the hidden laws of nature. The movement is set going, and men like Bacon partly describe and partly direct its course, and prophetically point to its goal. Nor are the ideal speculations of Bacon, bold and original as they were, impracticable. "Already," says Macaulay, "some parts, and not the least startling parts, of the glorious prophecy have been accomplished, even according to the letter, and the whole, construed according to the spirit, is daily accomplishing all around us."

It has been asked, "Could this confident hope in the immense expansions of human power, the grand idea of man's universal conquest over nature and over obstacles placed by himself in the way of his own unlimited increase in well-being and happiness, have germinated, grown, and occupied any one's mind entirely, in times of discouragement and decay, in times of ecclesiastical and political tyranny, discouraging freedom of thought and intellectual effort?" *

The work of Thomas Campanella, entitled the "City of the Sun," is a complete reply to this question. It appeared in 1637, or thirteen years after Bacon's "New Atlantis." Campanella himself was born in Stilo, in Calabria, in the year of the building of the Royal Exchange, in London, by Sir Thomas Gresham, the royal merchant, an event which indicates the commercial prosperity of this country at a time when Italy, "sunk in sloth, priest-ridden, tyrant-ridden, exhausted with the unpar-

leled activity of the renaissance, besotted with the vices of slavery and slow corruption, gave no ears to these prophets of the future, the heralds of modern philosophy and modern ideas of freedom."

Thus it happened that "the dulcet sounds of phantasy" from the pen of the philosopher of Stilo had no charm for his countrymen. Nevertheless, he would not be silent. He took for his motto "Non tacebo," and for his device a bell, to indicate his mission of sounding the alarm in the ears of those who would not hear. And what was the burden of his cry?

It was social reform—nay, more—it was an entire social revolution, a demand for a new state of society altogether, as described in the "City of the Sun."

The proposals for social improvement are such as may be expected from a man whose experience of life had been gathered within the narrow confines of a monastery under strict Dominican discipline, and who aims at social improvements by committing the fate of mankind to an ecclesiastical hierarchy acting according to scientific principles. In Campanella the man of science and the Church disciplinarian meet. His Utopia is a land where the happiness of the community is brought about by a strict application of scientific rigour under ecclesiastical authority, to the conduct of government.

In his social scheme, which has been called a "phantastic creation full of originality," he presents us with the picture of an ideal society where everything is ordered according to monastic rule, where life, with its alternate occupations and enjoyments, is regulated by semi-ecclesiastical and semi-philosophical superiors.

The supreme head of this communistic state is the so-called "Grand Metaphysician," who is to be the most eminent man of science, and his subordinates are chosen equally on account of their mental and moral qualifications, as in China the mandarins or high state officials are appointed by means of competitive examinations to test their capacity. The ministers of State in the "Civitas solis" are a triumvirate of moral magnates, who bear, by way of indication of their peculiar qualities, the names of Power, Wisdom, and Love respectively. To them is committed the charge of warlike preparations, public instruction, and the material welfare of the citizens. They, again, are assisted in performing their several functions by minor officials, who, by reason of personal merit, constitute representatives of special virtues, from which they receive their respective names, such as Magnanimity, Courage, Justice, Truth, Moderation, etc., etc. In fact, the ruling powers, from the "Grand Metaphysician," who is a sort of industrial Pope, down to the lowest officers in the series, represent ideas, and form an infallible hierarchy, ruling with wisdom and unlimited power a commonwealth of equals, and endeavouring to promote truth and virtue. They have power over life and death, and may inflict the most severe punishments in case of minor offences, even corporal chastisement, where that seems necessary. In the choice of magistrates and other ministers of justice special regard is paid to personal distinction in the arts of peace and the mechanical sciences. Those who are the greatest adepts in business, and are engaged in the most varied industries, become leaders and masters, and receive the greatest consideration.

In the "City of the Sun" people ridicule our contempt for the artisan class, as well as our overween-

* "Taine's English Literature," vol. i. p. 213.

ing regard for those who are not engaged in any of the bread-winning pursuits. On the contrary, they rather despise those who live in idleness and keep a large retinue of servants to minister to their indolence and self-indulgence.

All property is held in common, and extends to all the relations of life. There are no private fortunes or homes. "The principle of property," says Campanella, "does not grow up within us naturally. It arises from the fact that we have our own homes and families. Hence egoism; for to raise one son in particular to dignities and wealth, and making him the heir of a large fortune, is weakening the public treasury, and enables one set of men to rule over another by means of their wealth and power. Again, those who are powerless, poor, or of low origin, are in danger of becoming avaricious, mean, and hypocritical."

There are public buildings in which all live together, partaking of common meals in halls provided for that purpose, and sleeping in common dormitories. Every townland has its own public kitchen, dining-rooms, granaries, and provision-magazines. Here everybody receives according to his requirements, with due regard to the ruling principles of the community, "Plain living and hard thinking."

Education—literary, scientific, and technical—is common to all without distinction. Even women are brought up exactly like men. But in the apportioning of work the rough occupations are assigned to the latter, and labour requiring less exertion is assigned to the former. The most hard-working trades are held in highest esteem, and agricultural labourers proceed to their daily task in solemn procession.

Four hours of daily work, from which none are exempt, suffice for obtaining the requisites for all the members in the community. This shortening of the labour-hours has the effect of making everybody perform their task cheerfully, and so becoming most productive members of society. All work is done in groups, headed by the best workers, who become the leading kings or fathers of their companies. Commerce is despised, and may not be carried on within the walls of the city for fear of corrupting the citizens; money is only used in transacting business with outsiders.

Campanella was aware of the difficulty of carrying out his own scheme of social economy, as will appear from the following short extract taken from his work, the "City of the Sun," which, similar to the "Utopia," is written in the form of a dialogue, between an imaginary Grand Hospitaler and a Genovese Captain:—

Grand Hospitaler: "But in such a state of things no one would work, since everybody would depend on the labour of the rest for his own maintenance, as Aristotle has already objected to Plato's scheme."

Genovese Captain: "I cannot well continue this discussion, having never learnt to argue. I only assure you that the patriotism of these people is beyond all conception, and do we not know from history that the Romans despised property in proportion to their devotion to their country?"

Thus we see how Campanella tries to solve the most difficult problem of Communism by replying that people will work in the absence of selfish motives from a strong sentiment of duty and devotion to the common welfare. This argument has since become the corner-stone of successive plans of new social edifices on a communistic basis. It resolves

the ancient principle, that the individual must be sacrificed to the species, the person to the commonwealth, under a higher moral principle of voluntary self-abnegation for the public good.

Campanella had been brought up in a monastery, and had seen in early life but little of the outer world. We must not, therefore, be astonished at his simplicity in believing that such motives are sufficiently powerful in human nature to serve as the sole basis of social organisation and the maintenance of social order. That he had some misgivings as to the successful working of his scheme is shown by the fact of his prescribing such heavy pains and penalties in case of disobedience or dereliction of duty among the members of the commonwealth.

It is not at all unlikely, however, that he looked forward confidently to a time when, with the spread of education and enlightenment, a higher standard of morals would be created, in which the principle of fear would disappear, and voluntary devotedness to the common welfare would gain the victory over selfishness and self-seeking, and so render his scheme practical.

To be able to raise himself amid the most depressing influences around him, to reach a high level of moral elevation and aspiring hope, stamps Campanella as a master-mind in his own day, as a genius worthy to stand by the side of the great pioneers of truth of that remarkable age, not only on account of his eminent philosophical attainments, but also, and chiefly, as the propounder of a new "terrestrial economy," founded on a superior moral basis.

If the "disciplined imagination" of Bacon afforded that great man a Pisgah-view of a society in the distant future, when his own new philosophy should have been utilised for the material improvement and moral elevation of mankind, the poetic passion of Campanella, on the other hand, opened out to him at least an equally grand prospect of a society in the future, where unselfishness and patriotic devotion would make use of the acquired knowledge and power in the cause of moral and material progress.

In the social speculations of both these great men we see, as in the case of the "Utopia," the spirit of the times reflected. Here, again, we notice the same longing after a higher social ideal which haunts the human mind from age to age. Sometimes we see depicted in these Utopias, as it were, the throbings of the heart of humanity in the midst of great social distress; at other times we notice the rebellion of the mind of man against prevailing social incongruities that are no longer reconcilable with increased prosperity and enlightenment. At all times, under varying modes of expression and forms of speech, the undying principle reasserts itself—and never, be it noticed, without some result—in the strong, irrepressible cry for social improvement among the masses and their leaders.

Spring's Return.

BLITHELY echoes the blackbird's lay,
The skylark stretches an eager wing;
No longer will weary Winter stay,
He is trembling and quaking, as well he may,
At sight of the hedgerows blossoming;
And out in the woods the children stray,
Tracking the footsteps of the Spring.

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A SPRING MORNING IN ALSACE.

From Painting by Ch. Marchal.



A SPRING EVENING IN ALSACE.

Ch. Marchal

Surely this is the way she went,
The sweet, shy Spring, in her garb of green ;
Borne on the breeze comes a balmy scent
From quivering violets, meekly bent,
That whisper their secret all unseen ;
And yonder, under a leafy tent,
Glimmers the golden celandine.

This is the way,—the wild blue-bell
Carpets the path that her feet have trod ;
Pansies are peeping down in the dell,
Where tall Lent-lilies their tidings tell,
Bowing us in with a gracious nod ;
And by yellow stars that we love full well,
The hyacinth lifts her purple rod.

Happy children ! triumph wear
Spring's frail blossoms and buds of snow ;
Tangle them in 'mid your own bright hair,
So dear, so welcome, so sweet and fair,
Are all the treasures she has to show ;
But when the trophies you homeward bear
Let not their deeper meaning go.

Lofty your station, or low your place,
The snowdrop's purity strive to reach.
The primrose raising a sunny face,
Spite of stern winter's lingering trace,
Faith and courage and hope may teach,
And in your prayers the violet's grace
Of sweet humility beseech.

So shall the Spring be blessed indeed,
If such ensamples ye will not spurn,
And so remind us, as mortals need,
That soon from the fetters that bind us freed,
Yet fairer sights shall our eyes discern ;
For by her beauty she bids us heed
Heaven foreshadowed by her return.

S. E. G.

underneath the stage, who "rang the changes" admirably.

In times past the Celestials must have gone beyond this, for we have record of optical illusions of no common character witnessed in the fourteenth century by the Indian traveller, Ibn Batuta (the Mohammedan Marco Polo), who writes:—"They," the Chinese jugglers, "produced a chain fifty cubits in length, and in my presence threw one end of it towards the sky, where it remained, as if fastened to something in the air. A dog was then brought forward, and, being placed at the lower end of the chain, immediately ran up, and, reaching the other end, immediately disappeared in the air. In the same manner, a hog, a panther, a lion, and a tiger, were alternately sent up the chain, and all equally disappeared at the upper end of the chain. At last they took down the chain, and put it into a bag, no one ever discerning in what way the different animals were made to vanish into the air in the mysterious manner above described. This, I may venture to affirm, was beyond measure strange and surprising." These apparent effects were, doubtless, due to the aid of concave mirrors, the use of which was known to the ancients, especially in the East, but they could not have been produced in the open air.

Japan has given us the beautiful butterfly-fanning feat (not the *trick* usually going by that name), and has illustrated some of the most curious of the phenomena of rotation in top-spinning achievements. In balancing, the Japanese are unrivalled; in feats of strength—mainly depending upon knowledge of mechanics—they are remarkably clever, and as acrobats supreme: witness their latest exponent of the acrobatic art, "*Pongo Redivivus*," who acts a monkey to the life, with all the fun, the antics, and agility of that most mischievous biped, if an animal with four hands can be called by such a name. He can run up a rope "like a lamplighter" (not that they favour ropes much, unless it be rope-ladders), and is as much at home head downwards as though it were the natural position. We have had performers who could walk across a ceiling, "but never aught like this." One of these gentry, the "Man-Fly," used to "strut and fret his hour upon the—ceiling, while all eyes were fixed upon him; but there were two "eyes," not belonging to the spectators, fixed to the soles of the inverted walker's tightly-laced boots, and these "eyes" were carefully fixed in hooks, placed at equal distances by the "Man-Fly." He had to fly from that profession, for he got cognomenised as "Hookey Walker" when the trick got wind. What a potent power is ridicule!

India, one of the cradles of magic and divination, retains trickery as part of its religion to this day. Some of those oily mendicants, the fakirs, whose "odour of sanctity" is not by any means of the sweetest, have deluded innocent Englishmen into writing of their jugglery as though it had an element of the miraculous in it. They could never have fallen into such an error had they but understood even the rudiments of the conjuror's art.

The fact is, these easy-going people took a good deal on hearsay, marvellous stories being current among the wonder-loving populace, and what they did see they described in a style exaggerated and tinged by the romance clinging to all things Oriental. Those Indian jugglers who have performed in this country have scarcely given us stay-at-home people an overpowering idea of the abilities of their class; and the reception

ORIENTAL JUGGLERY.

BY JOHN NEVIL MASKELYNE.

I.

THE East has ever been the favourite home of magic; not the innocent conjuring we give that name to in England, where

"The pleasure surely is as great
In being cheated as to cheat,"

but the crafty and sometimes audacious imposture in which the magician pretends to possess supernatural powers, and so beguiles the simple people.

China and Japan seem to have been free from any taint of this kind, however, while they have not been behindhand in producing some skilful tricks. Neither of these nations are good at sleight-of-hand, but, with the patience so pre-eminently distinguishing both, they are facile in the accomplishment of such feats as require nice mechanism and long practice. China has given us knife-throwers sharp of eye, and plate-spinners delicate of touch; but in conjuring pure and simple it has never risen above the height of obtaining six dishes of various kinds of cooked food from one of raw rice, or changing an empty bowl to one with water and fish in it; both of which marvels were much assisted by a "Heathen Chinee"

accorded by Indians to second-rate English prestidigitateurs leads us to suppose that even they recognise the superiority of the Western magician. These miracle-workers, indeed, are remarkable for their poverty, though they do profess to make lemon-trees grow out of quartern loaves and rupees dance jigs. They are reported to make aerial voyages from place to place, like some of our "spirit media," though in either case sceptics declare it to be merely an optical illusion, if not "a flight of imagination."

What is known among us as the aerial suspension trick is said to have been introduced at Madras early in the present century by an old Brahmin. His stock-in-trade was an oblong stool with four legs; into a brass socket in this a bamboo was placed perpendicularly, with a kind of crutch on the top covered with hide, thus effectually hiding the nascent mechanical ability displayed in the construction of the apparatus. Round this structure and the juggler a blanket was held, and when his arrangements were completed the screen was removed and the aged man discovered, apparently sitting upon nothing, his legs crossed about four feet from the ground. The hand of his outstretched right arm touched the crutch, and the fingers of his other hand were diligently engaged counting his beads. This venerable specimen of cunning is said to have died in 1830 without imparting his secret to any one, but two years later, in the same city, one Sheshal, "the Brahmin of the Air," performed a similar feat.

This trick was first arranged for a Western audience by Houdin in 1847. Taking advantage of the mesmeric craze of the period, he announced that he would place his son, Eugene Robert, in "suspension in equilibrium by atmospheric air, through the action of concentrated ether," or some such nonsensical verbiage. This was a great success, helped greatly by the outcry raised by correspondents in the newspapers, who protested against the cruelty of the proceeding, much to Houdin's profit, as every one rushed as they do to some perilous feat.

However, in this case, little Eugene's rosy cheeks, sparkling eyes, and plump appearance quite belied the suspicion of cruelty. Anderson, the Wizard of the North, as he called himself, used to show the same trick, a young lady in his performance giving additional zest to the marvel. The way of accomplishing the aerial suspension was very soon seen through, and is now no secret. It is accomplished by attaching an iron framework fitting close to the boy's body under his dress, an arm from which passes down the sleeve to the elbow. Through a hole in the sleeve this iron arm is fastened on to an upright fixed in a stand, and another upright is placed under the other elbow while the boy stands upon a stool. This latter and one upright being removed, the boy is apparently sleeping, in a perpendicular position, in the air, his right elbow resting upon the iron support, and his head reclining upon his hand. The body may now be raised to any angle, even until it becomes horizontal, for a catch attached to the iron arm immediately below the shoulder-joint falls into cogs in the framework, fastened by straps to the body, and retains the figure in the position to which it is lifted.

In the apparatus of the Indian juggler, a steel rod was doubtless inserted in the hollow bamboo to strengthen it. Mr. Sylvester, generally known as "The Fakir of Oolu," made improvements upon this "floating in the air," causing the body to revolve on

the top of the upright, and also, by an optical deception, apparently doing away with both supports; this he styled "The Last Link severed."

Many of the tricks now given by the Indian jugglers are very poor, and have little besides age to recommend them. Thus the feat of the "Magic Water-bottle," which may be one moment empty and the next full of "Adam's ale" (as the "total abstainers" call it), is nothing more than the "Double-funnel Trick," whereby, as Chaucer says, jugglers, even in his day, "cheated the eyes with blear illusion," and which is capitally described in Ady's "Candle in the Dark" (1656):—"The juggler calleth to his boy and biddeth him bring him a glass of claret wine, which he taketh in his hand and drinketh, and then he taketh out of his bag a funnel, made of tin or latine, double, in which double device he hath formerly put as much claret wine as will almost fill the glass again; and, stopping this funnel at the little end with his finger, turneth it up that all may behold it to be empty, and then setteth it to his forehead, and taketh away his finger, and letteth the wine run into the glass, the silly spectators thinking it to be the same wine that he drank coming again out of his forehead."

Suspended animation is one of the sealed wonders of nature. Dormant life, while shut out from light and air, may certainly be noticed in lower organisations than man's, as the toad which has undoubtedly been rescued from the living rock. Extraordinary cases of vitality enshrined in the aspect of death are on record concerning humanity; but, though these are undoubtedly, we yet cannot accept the stories of self-induced coma in which Indian fakirs are said to be buried alive and taken from the earth again after long periods, apparently none the worse for their entombment. The statements in these cases are quite unreliable. In some instances imposture has been proved to demonstration, and we are not aware that any sufficient precautions against deception were taken in the unexposed cases. The Indian juggler is, indeed, quite at home in this burrowing style of conjuring, and introduces it into his basket-tricks with great success, as we shall see.

One of the fakirs of Surat boasted that he could allow himself to be buried ten feet deep for fifteen days, and that while lying in his living tomb he would miraculously appear at Amadaband, two hundred miles distant. The governor of the province noticed that the time named for the accomplishment of this marvel divested it of much of the supernatural, as, supposing that by any trickery he could escape from the grave, he could undertake the journey to Amadaband and back before the expiration of the term of his supposed incarceration. It would certainly have been much more convincing had he appeared to some one who knew him well at such a distant spot upon the day following his being placed in the earth. Again, the man had stipulated—as those who practise this trick ever do—that a layer of reeds should be placed at a height of two feet above his body, to support the soil and prevent it suffocating him. The man descended into the hole prepared for his reception, and was covered in in the usual manner. The governor, wishing to foil the trickster, and so disabuse the minds of the credulous country folk of a belief in the fellow's supernatural power, set a guard of soldiers to watch the place, and the officer in command, seeing several fakirs sitting mutely round a large earthenware jar containing water, be-

neath a tree at some distance from the point where the buried juggler lay, had it removed, when immediately beneath, a shaft was discovered, at the bottom of which was a subterranean passage to within a few feet of the entombed fakir's lodgment, and the wily man was heard rapidly cutting away at the wall for dear life! Once escaped from the grave, when night fell, his companions above, who had left the top ajar, could easily drop a rope to the imprisoned one, and drag him out. He would then have hurried upon his journey to Amadabant, where his advent would have been regarded as a miracle, speeded back, descended into his tomb, carefully closing the passage by which he entered, and been discovered in a state of inanition, which he might well simulate after a journey of four hundred miles, upon the fifteenth day.

As I have said, the wonderful Indian basket feat partakes somewhat of the character of the entombment. It is a clever trick when well performed. The Rev. Herbert Caunter, who saw it at a village twelve miles from Madras, says:—

"A stout, ferocious-looking fellow stepped forward with a common wicker basket of the country, which he begged we would carefully examine. This we accordingly did. It was of the slightest texture, and admitted the light through a thousand apertures. Under this frail covering he placed a child about eight years old, an interesting little girl. When she was properly secured, the man, with a lowering aspect, asked her some question, which she instantly answered; and as the thing was done within a few feet from the spot on which we were seated, the voice appeared to come so distinctly from the basket that I felt at once satisfied there was no deception.

"They held a conversation for some minutes, when the juggler, almost with a scream of passion, threatened to kill her. There was a stern reality in the whole scene which was perfectly dismaying; it was acted to the life, but terrible to see and hear. The child was heard to beg for mercy, when the juggler seized a sword, placed his foot upon the frail wicker covering under which his supposed victim was so piteously supplicating his forbearance, and, to my absolute consternation and horror, plunged it through, withdrawing it several times. By this time his countenance exhibited an expression fearfully indicative of the most frantic human passions. The shrieks of the child were so real and distracting, that my first impulse was to rush upon the monster and fell him to the earth, but he was armed and I defenceless. I looked at my companions—they appeared to be pale and paralysed with terror; and yet these feelings were somewhat neutralised by the consciousness that the man could not dare to commit a deliberate murder in the broad eye of day, and before so many witnesses; still the whole thing was appalling.

"The blood ran in streams from the basket; her groans fell horribly upon the ear; her struggles smote painfully upon the heart. The former were gradually subdued into a faint moan, and the latter into a faint rustling sound. We seemed to hear the last convulsive gasp which was to set her innocent soul free from the gored body, when, to our inexpressible astonishment and relief, after muttering a few cabalistic words, the juggler took up the basket, but no child was to be seen. She soon advanced and saluted us, holding out her hand for our donations, which we bestowed with hearty goodwill. She received them with a most graceful salaam, and the

party left us, well satisfied with the more than expected gratuity. What rendered the deception the more extraordinary was, that the man stood aloof from the crowd during the whole performance—there was not a single person within several feet of him."

Just see what a great light a little knowledge of jugglery would have let in for this tender-hearted clergyman! This is how it was all done. There were two little girls, "as like as two peas," and none are found with such a strong family likeness as these dusky Hindoos. One girl passed out of the bottom of the basket into a hole in the ground, refixing the trap-door after herself; and while the juggler stamped about in a fury, there was "method in his madness," for he thus got an opportunity of spreading the loose, dusty earth over the trap. This accomplished, and at a given signal, the duplicate girl advanced from the crowd and completed the trick.

Sometimes this feat is performed with a trap-door, and without a duplicate child. It was so managed by a troupe of Hindoos, not long ago, in London, the boy reappearing from behind the spectators. The feat has been presented, though, upon an English resident's own lawn, where there could not be a trap-door available. To manage this a narrow-mouthed oval basket, broad at the bottom, is used, and from this the child never escapes, but lies concealed curled round the broad part. The juggler may now pass a sword through the basket at carefully-arranged places, so that it goes between the limbs of the child; or he may step into the middle of it, or even hold it up, but he cannot allow the basket to be examined. In the English form of the trick two baskets are employed. Both are placed upon trestles and tilted over, that the audience may see they are empty, but a little boy or girl has crept behind the false bottom of one of the baskets previously. A duplicate in appearance and dress to the boy or girl now comes upon the stage, and, seen but a moment by the spectators, enters the empty basket; and when the lid is closed immediately creeps behind the false bottom, while the "double" in the other basket creeps out of the hiding-place, so that when both baskets are opened the problem is presented of solid matter passing invisibly from one to the other.

Others besides English professors of legerdemain have taken a hint from Indian jugglers, who should give a little for all they borrow from the West. Thus the Davenport Brothers got the nucleus of their ropetying feats from this source, and very wonderful they were as tricks, but disgraceful imposition when affirmed to be the work of the spirits. It is quite a common thing in India to escape from many yards of rope tied tightly round the body, in an incredibly short space of time. Where the American rope tricksters eclipsed their dusky brethren was in their ability to perform apparently impossible feats while still bound fast, hand and foot, though they always guaranteed to loose themselves from bondage at the end of the séance, a foolish condition, as it afterwards turned out, for they were several times secured beyond even the help of their spirit friends. Some years back an old Indian colonel described to me one of the rope tricks of which he had been an eye-witness. He had seen a native, with only a *summerbund* (waist-cloth), tightly bound with a long, thin cord. The man was afterwards placed in a sack. The mouth of this was sewn up, and the sack, with its helpless contents, thrown into the Ganges. My military friend marvelled much when, in a few seconds, the expert

juggler came to the top of the water perfectly free from bondage. Of course the colonel was bothered, but there is nothing very puzzling in it after all. There is little difficulty in loosening ropes placed round the body while the muscles are distended—we see it done by jugglers in the bye-streets of London every day—and once the hands free, the conjuror, taking a concealed knife from his loin-cloth, would cut the sack, make short work of the cords, and swim to the surface, while bag and rope, loaded with some heavy weight, sank to the bottom.

Like the Chinese, the jugglers of India seem to have lost the knowledge of optical deceptions once practised. Jehangire, Emperor of Hindostan, recounting in his autobiography the feats of some Bengalese performers, mentions one of the above class in which a man was cut to pieces, and presently brought back in a perfect state of preservation, as picture-restorers bring our slashed and mutilated portraits to their pristine loveliness. This I have already described, in its modern form (under the title of *Palingenesia*), in the January part of "The Leisure Hour." Other cutting tricks are still practised, such as passing a knife through a boy's throat, when the formidable-looking weapon is only for the eyes of the spectators, and the trick-knife, quickly substituted for it, has a handle and a point connected by a sickle-shaped middle, which passes behind the lad's neck. Thus the instrument apparently passes through the victim's throat, portions of it being seen on both sides, and with the addition of a sponge to squeeze copious floods of (dragon's) blood upon the neck, it is sufficiently horrifying even for Oriental tastes. Some of the fakirs also pass a sword between a false stomach and their own real one, the latter being compressed and drawn in as only those half-starved professors know how to do it. The sword-swallowing of the Indian jugglers is to be accomplished by a trick-sword, the blade of which slides into the handle; but it can be absolutely managed without trickery by some performers with leathern throats and an abnormal appetite for steel. They throw their heads back so as to make a straight passage for the blade, and actually thrust down a cane to the handle, or a sword to the hilt. That this can be done without injury every one knows who has heard of a stomach pump, where a tube is passed down the gullet in order to remove poison from the stomach. By practice the throat may be injured to voluntary treatment of the same sort, without danger, as by the sword-swallower. It is, to say the least, a very disgusting feat.

While mentioning such sensational tricks it is as well to say that the Indians are seldom really cruel, though, to please their audiences, they make much of the tragic aspect of the illusions, and have undoubtedly too much in the way of blood, contortions, and screams to suit the ideas of the West. These jugglers, however, are generally free from a blot attaching to some European conjurors to whose tricks I would desire to call attention with a view to their repression. These are with birds, rabbits, and the like. The misery inflicted upon these poor creatures is, I am sure, undreamt of by the public. They are packed in apparently impossible space and have to remain cramped and almost without air for a weary time, while the professor develops his trick and delivers himself of his "patter" before they are liberated and allowed to limp, or hop, away. Beautiful little birds, usually the pets of

children, are made to speak and bow to the audience by the conjuror, who, to accomplish this at the right moment, pinches the poor thing's legs until it bends in pain and squeaks, not chirps. But the climax in cruelty was introduced by a French artist, who invented a vanishing cage. This he took down amongst the audience to show them his pretty bird, and while they looked at it—Hey, presto!—the bird and cage had gone, none knew whither. The fact was the whole structure collapsed with great force and was drawn under the performer's sleeve by a strong elastic band. That poor bird was lucky if no bones were broken; but it had to run the same risk again, and nothing short of a miracle could save it from being maimed at last. Happy indeed are such poor sufferers to be killed outright, instead of having a broken leg bound up roughly, so that it may last for another performance. This trick is quite common in the conjuring shops now, but I trust it may never find favour with English amateurs.

THE LOST PROPERTY OFFICE.

THERE are few places in London in which greater interest centres than Great Scotland Yard, the headquarters of the Metropolitan Police; and in Great Scotland Yard, in some respects, by far the most interesting feature is the Lost Property Office.

It is not a very imposing-looking establishment; indeed, Scotland Yard itself presents externally very little to indicate that it is the centre of the largest and most-highly organised police system that the world has ever seen. One passes in under the archway from Whitehall, and finds himself in what was till recently nothing more than a "yard," but which has lately been opened at the inner end, and is now a thoroughfare, having on either hand a number of somewhat shabby-looking old buildings, to which some modern additions have been made to meet the requirements of the police. The Lost Property Office is to be found on the left-hand side as you go in from Whitehall. Passing up a flight of stone steps, the visitor will find a small office on the right hand presenting nothing more striking than a counter with a desk behind, a number of cupboards and drawers, and two or three officers of police. At the back of this office is a small warehouse conveniently fitted up for the reception of goods of various kinds, the whole constituting just another such a little establishment as may be found by the score in the City. Nor is there anything very remarkable about the property in store here. It is certainly about as miscellaneous a gathering as could very well be got together. Umbrellas and walking-sticks, fans and fishing-rods, boots and belts, brooches and bracelets, portmanteaus and pocket-knives, watches and waterproofs, masonic aprons, baby-linen, necklaces, overcoats, railway rugs, hat-boxes, scent-bottles, opera-glasses, reticules, satchel-bags—in short, about five thousand articles are generally to be found here, no two of them being often found exactly alike. These articles, however, are not more miscellaneous or in any other way more remarkable, than those which are seen in pawn-shops and elsewhere.

It is only when one comes to consider that every article here has been accidentally left in some public vehicle—that every article, therefore, has been the occasion of a spasm of dismay more or less severe—has

been the occasion of a powerful temptation, and is in itself an evidence of a victory won and an indisputable proof that even our well-abused old friend cabby is generally ready enough to do what is fair and straightforward when dealt with in a fair and straightforward spirit—it is only when we come to consider this, and to hear some of the stories that are told at this little office, that we begin to discover the peculiar interest attaching to this corner of Scotland Yard.

Probably, ever since there were such things as cabs and thoughtless heads, it has been a very common thing for all sorts of portable valuables to fall into the hands of drivers, and when public vehicles came to be controlled by Act of Parliament it was thought desirable to lay down stringent rules for the disposal of this treasure-trove. Cabby was directed always, on being dismissed by a "fare," to search his vehicle, and immediately to take anything he might find to the nearest police-station. He would get a receipt for it, and the property, whatever it might be, would be passed to this office, duly registered and stowed away in safe keeping. If not claimed within twelve months it would then be sold, and cabby would get five per cent. of the money realised, just a shilling in the pound. So that if a driver on searching his cab chanced to spy a brooch that would fetch thirty shillings in any jeweller's shop, he was expected promptly to hand it into the authorities, and to wait twelve months, when the brooch might perhaps realise a sovereign, and then he would be entitled to call for a shilling, as a recompense for his time and trouble, and by way of a munificent illustration of the old adage that "honesty is the best policy."

Under this arrangement perhaps it could not be considered very surprising that only a small number of articles left in public vehicles ever found their way to the police-courts. Property was occasionally brought in, however. Mr. Salisbury, the London correspondent of the "North Devon Journal," tells a droll story of a cabman who one day found in his vehicle a small bag, with a blister and a bottle of medicine in it. "See here, mister," said cabby to the medical man whom he had to call in in consequence of this discovery, "I found that 'ere leather bag, or ridicule, if you likes, in my cab. I think it was a lady as left it. Howsomever, I takes it to a police-station, and they looks into the bag and finds nothing but a blister there, with a black draught, they told me, in a bottle. They says, 'Cabby,' they says, 'we ain't goin' to keep blisters, you had better keep 'em yourself.' So I takes 'em hum, gives the bag to the old 'oman, and ses to myself, 'It's a pity to spile that black draught. It will do me as much good as the party as wanted the blister.' I couldn't allow that, so I threw it in the fire and swallows the draught. It hadn't been down long afore I felt very queer inwardly, and I tells missus what I had done." "Missus" immediately ran off for the doctor and a stomach-pump, and it was well for cabby that she did so, for what he had swallowed was not a black draught, but some preparation of laudanum that had probably been obtained from a herbalist, and had no doubt been intended for use as an embrocation.

Under the old system cabby might take in treasure-trove when found in the shape of physic and blisters, and even in more tempting forms if not very easy of disposal. Occasionally a scrupulously

conscientious man—and there are such men to be found even on cab-ranks—would be known to resist the most seductive temptation to break the law and to appropriate property that did not belong to him, and to manfully bring in whatever might be found. But cabby is a poor man, and the regulations as they stood up till 1869 made hardly a sufficient concession to his weakness. As might have been anticipated, very few things found their way to Scotland Yard, and at length the regulations were revised.

Under the new arrangement cabmen are still required to search their cabs, as before, and they are similarly directed to take anything they may find to the nearest police-station, from whence it will be forwarded to the office we have already described at Scotland Yard, and entered in a great ledger, with every particular as to the number of the cab in which it was found, the date on which it was found, when the fare was taken up and when put down, and so on. A label is then put upon the property bearing a number corresponding to the ledger number, and a seal is affixed, this, in the case of bags, portmanteaus, or anything of a similar kind, being done in such a manner that they cannot be opened without breaking the seal. The property is safely stowed away, and at the end of three months, if not claimed, all articles, with one or two exceptions, such as keys, are handed back to the cabman who found them, and become his lawful property. If claimed within three months, the applicant has of course to prove his ownership by describing what he has lost, and the circumstances under which he lost it. This being done, the lost property is restored on payment of a reward to the cabman of fifteen per cent. on the estimated value in the case of jewellery and money up to £10. Over that sum the authorities at Scotland Yard reserve a discretionary power to award any sum not exceeding that percentage that may be deemed desirable. On all property but jewellery and money the award to the cabman is made at the rate of twelve and a half per cent. on the value, and in no case is less than a shilling charged on the restoration of property.

This arrangement was inaugurated under the able administration of Colonel Henderson on the 1st February, 1870, and the deposits, which the year before had been only 1,912, rose at once under the new system to 3,258 in 1870. As the new arrangement has become more generally known and understood by the cabmen, and its fair and reasonable character more generally recognised, the deposits have steadily increased in number. In 1871 they rose to 7,709, and in 1872 they numbered 12,950, and each successive year they have increased till in 1876 they reached a total for the year of nearly 16,000.

These figures, we venture to think, place cabby in a very much more favourable light than he is usually seen in. Glancing round at the contents of this small warehouse, it is quite evident that the great majority of things are such as no one would have much difficulty in disposing of for a great deal more than twelve and a half or even fifteen per cent. of their value; nor would there be much chance of detection if cabby were disposed to evade the law and took very trivial precautions in doing so. Of the 15,680, the exact number of articles deposited in 1876, there can be little doubt that the great majority may be regarded as so many evidences of principle over policy—so many temptations overcome, and some of them at least by no means slight temptations either. Here, for instance, is a little incident in the

everyday life of a needy man, such as cabmen usually are. At the Grosvenor Hotel, in Pimlico, he takes up a young lady and gentleman of whom, of course, he knows nothing, but who, as a matter of fact, are two young Brazilian lovers who have eloped from their own country and have just arrived in London with a view of getting married. They have brought with them the bulk of their worldly wealth in the shape of a case of jewellery belonging to the young lady, and worth about £1,000. These two interesting young love-birds are driven a short distance, and then hop out into the world and go chirping and fluttering their wings across St. James's Park without so much as a twitter of such prosy matters as are represented by the case of jewels which cabby found on getting down to search his vehicle. Here was a tempting little mine of wealth for a poor man with ever so slight a dash of the enterprising in his composition. What might he not hope to do by simply concealing the prize and by-and-by quietly disposing of it and judiciously employing the proceeds! If cabby ever for a moment entertained such ideas, he managed to get the better of them, for he speedily went rattling into Scotland Yard with his booty, and shortly after had the satisfaction of receiving a notice from the commissioners that he had been awarded £50, which he could have by calling at the office and signing his name.

Prizes larger than this have occasionally fallen into the hands of London cabmen. Two clerks were sent some time ago to the Bank of England with a bag containing bank-notes to the value of £3,500, and American securities representing a similar amount. Had either of them been sent alone very probably the bag would have been delivered in safety. The two, however, would appear to have found such an absorbing topic of conversation that the property, which they had put under the seat, was totally forgotten, and they stepped out in Threadneedle Street without once thinking of it. Before a great while they came into the Lost Property Office in a state of terrible excitement, but no bag had arrived. Two minutes after they had left, the driver, one Thomas Sorrell by name, came in with the bag open—fully aware, therefore, of what it contained—and was entered on the books as the finder of property of the nominal value of £7,000. All honour to Thomas Sorrell, and may he have good luck with the cab and two horses he purchased with the £100 the commissioners awarded him.

A very similar case occurred when on one occasion two clerks were sent from the National Provincial Bank to a branch establishment in Baker Street. They had with them 100 £5 notes and twenty-five £20 notes, and the whole of this nice little sum cabby found and deposited in accordance with regulations. He was awarded £50. A similar sum was given to a man who drove into Scotland Yard with the extraordinary story that a gentleman had thrown a diamond necklace into his cab, and told him to do what he liked with it. This proved to be literally true, and the necklace was no sham finery either, but a genuine string of brilliants, valued at £1,000. A jeweller of Bond Street had had, it appeared, a vehement dispute with a customer respecting the article in question, and had followed him out to his cab, into which the casket of gems was ultimately thrown, both the disputants declaring they would have nothing further to do with it. The cabman drove off with alacrity, and by-and-by pocketed a reward of £50,

which the Lost Property Office demanded upon restoring the necklace.

The mention of diamonds recalls another incident for which we must again acknowledge ourselves indebted to Mr. Salisbury, who once put a question to a cabman as to whether he ever took upon himself to restore lost property to the owner. "I did do that same thing once," said the man, "but never no more. 'Twas a lady I driv to Mayfair. She got out and knocked herself in a few doors away. I turned round and walked, jest to guv the mare a rest; I opened the trap to peep round the seat—my cab's a hansom—then I sees spangles. I ses to myself, 'Get down,' and down I gets. On the left side there lays a bracelet. 'If ever my eyes met diamonds them is 'em,' ses I. 'Is it Vere Street Perlice-station or go back?' 'Go back,' I ses, 'and ring the bell.' I asked for the lady I jest discharged. 'Have you lost anything, mum?' ses I. 'The match to this, worth a hundred pounds,' she ses. There was no mistake. Both shone alike. 'There's the own brother to that,' ses I. She clutched it before I had shut my mouth. 'Oh, thank you very much! you are an honest fellow,' ses she, and turned to go off. 'If that's all you hev to say, mum, I'd better hev it chalked on my back.' 'By all means,' she ses, 'and I will sign it for you, good, honest fellow!' There, mister, that comes of forgetting the regulations. 'Scotland Yard the next chance,' ses I to the old mare, and we run to the stand."

The police authorities relate other incidents of a similar kind—one in particular, of a gentleman who came in great trouble to inquire for deeds which he had, he believed, left in a cab. They were worth thousands, he affirmed, and he added that he would willingly pay £20 for their recovery. Unluckily for cabby who found them, and who had no idea that the old parchments were of any great value, he took them himself to the address at which he had taken up his fare, and received the munificent sum of two shillings, which he thought might not hurt the gentleman, and to which the "gentleman," with a noble magnanimity well worthy the possessor of "thousands," voluntarily added twopence.

Somewhat remarkable deposits are occasionally made at this little establishment in Scotland Yard; a live snake, for instance, a little porker, and a kitten, which continued to be lost property until it had grown into a favourite cat. Applications for lost property have now and then been even more remarkable. Some time ago, for instance, a gentleman came in great distress to inquire for his wife. Unfortunately, they had not seen anything of the lady, or it would have been interesting to learn what value the poor man placed on this domestic treasure.

It would be easy to multiply instances of the extraordinary carelessness of those who ride about London in public vehicles and discharge the drivers without once thinking of what they may be leaving behind, but of a great many such cases, the facts of which are now before us, we think that perhaps the most striking is that of a mechanic, who, after some years of toil in the Brazils, came home to England with his accumulated savings in hard cash, amounting to £355. Before starting on his homeward journey he had inquired what it would cost him to transmit his fortune through a banker, and found that the expense would be upwards of £26, and after some deliberation he determined to save this commission. Accordingly he brought it over in an Amer-

rican-cloth bag. Arrived at Southampton, he steamed merrily up to Waterloo, where he hailed a cab and rattled down with his treasure somewhere in the direction of Mile End Road. Here, by the help of friends, the traveller's luggage was removed from the vehicle, all but the black bag with its £355, bright little nuggets of gold, with which, all unconsciously, cabby drove off. It was not until he had set down another "fare" some three miles off that he searched his cab and found the black bag which his last patron had not discovered. The dismay of the traveller from Brazil may be imagined, and so may the temptation with which cabby and his wife had to struggle that night with a bag full of gold under their roof and all sorts of needs and necessities clamouring for its secret disposal. The regulations triumphed, however. Cabby came out of the ordeal a true man, and next morning put in an honest though weather-beaten face in Scotland Yard. Nor is this all that should be said of him. The strict regulations would have awarded him over £50, but the commissioners laid before him the circumstances of the loser—a man who had saved this little hoard by long toil in a foreign land—and cabby waived his claim to the full amount, and cheerfully accepted £10, which the owner of the bag freely offered. On the whole we are inclined to think that both our weather-beaten, gruff-throated old friend of the many capes and his hard-handed "fare" from the Brazils bear very favourable comparison in point of honourable feeling with some ladies who live in Mayfair and wear hundred-pound bracelets, and some gentlemen in the City who run about with deeds "worth thousands," and pay two shillings and twopence for their restoration.

Varieties.

LONDON EDUCATIONAL PROGRESS.—There are upon the roll of all efficient schools alone, whether voluntary or Board schools, 90,000 more children than were on the total roll of all schools, efficient or otherwise, in the beginning of 1871. If any one grumbles at the expense incurred in providing new schools and improved education, let him weigh the following words of Mr. George Potter, a member of the London School Board, and one who represents the feelings of the working classes:—"The Board Schools are reducing ignorance, diminishing crime, lessening pauperism, and inculcating among the poor habits of cleanliness, thrift, temperance, and self-respect. It is well known that crime, ignorance, and pauperism are closely allied. It is much cheaper to pay for schools and education than for gaols and pauperism. Since the Education Act was passed seven years ago, we have paid for pauperism £100,000,000, and for crime £40,000,000, while the annual grants to our elementary schools have only been £10,200,000. The money spent on the two former is not only sunk, but lost; gone for ever; no return. Education is the best investment for the community. What is spent on it will yield a good percentage to the nation by increased wealth, increased power, and increased happiness. What a blessing it is that the poor children of London are now being educated! For that the Education Act was passed, and to provide this education the School Board was called into existence. Let the poor children acquire knowledge. Knowledge is the necessity of their being. Knowledge will cheer their poor dwellings and enliven the dull round of their daily toil. Knowledge will dignify their labour and polish their manners. Knowledge will lead them to become useful citizens, true patriots, and faithful Christians."

THE QUEEN AND THE SABBATH.—On one occasion her Majesty had invited distinguished guests to dine at Windsor Castle. It was therefore necessary that the Court Band should prepare itself to perform special selections of music. The

pieces chosen were difficult, the time for practice limited, and the leader, declaring that he could not afford to lose a day, summoned the men to meet for rehearsal on the Sunday. There were two Germans in the band, named Schrader and Gehrmann, who were Wesleyan Methodists, and whose consciences would not allow them to spend the Lord's-day in a musical rehearsal. They told their scruples to the leader, who, however, peremptorily ordered them to be present on pain of instant dismissal from the band. They did not hesitate a moment. On the Monday morning, on presenting themselves at their quarters, the leader, in violent language, ordered them to be gone. The poor fellows walked sadly away, and not far from Windsor met the Bishop of London driving to the Castle. Stopping the carriage on their signal, he heard their tale, and promised to speak for them to the Queen. Before the day was over the leader of the band was summoned into her Majesty's presence. The Queen inquired what had become of the two German Methodists, one of whom, as being one of the best trombone players in the country, was a favourite at Court. The leader explained that he could not allow "absurd religious scruples" to stand in the way of a soldier's duty. The Queen at once gave commands that the men should be restored to their posts, and added, "I will have no more persecution in my service for conscience' sake, and I will have no more rehearsals on Sunday."

PIO NONO'S RELATIVES.—At the time of the death of the late Pio Nono it was written:—The only relative of the Pope in Rome is a niece, a nun in the convent of the Oblate of Tor di Specchi. None of his brothers are living. His eldest brother, Count Gabriel Mastai, and one of the sons of that nobleman, Luigi Mastai, died some time since; but another son of Count Gabriel, Count Ercole, is living at Milan, and has issue; a son at Simigaglia and another at the school of St. Cyr, in France. Also two daughters—one the nun of Tor di Specchi already mentioned, the other married to Signor Marco Fabri, of Fano. Other relatives of the Pope belonging to female branches of the Mastai family are established in various parts of Italy.

STANLEY A WELSHMAN.—The Welsh claim Mr. Stanley, the African discoverer, as a countryman. He was born, they say, in Denbigh. His mother now resides at a place called Glasgow, near to Bodelwyddan, upon the old road from St. Asaph to Abergale, and about two miles from St. Asaph. She bears the name of Jones. Mr. Stanley has a half-brother living in Liverpool, and a sister—a Mrs. Hughes—living at Wrexham. We have a photograph of Mr. Stanley, taken at Shrewsbury in 1866, when he was on a visit to some relatives in that neighbourhood. There is no doubt as to his Celtic origin. But a man is free to choose his own nationality, and if his talents received more honour in the United States than in his own country, he shows no ungenerous feeling in hoisting American colours. The shabby jealousies of some of the stay-at-home geographers on the occasion of the memorable search for Livingstone will not easily be forgotten by the African traveller, or by the friends of Livingstone.

SCENT IN DOGS.—The exquisite scenting power of dogs is probably exemplified to a greater degree in the bloodhound than in any other variety of dog, and the manner in which in the olden times he used to track men through crowds of persons hours after the former had passed is simply astounding. Many sporting dogs have also phenomenal olfactory qualities. A well-known West-end sporting gunmaker, writing in 1875, furnishes an instance of a black pointer bitch which, while shooting on a moor in Argyleshire, he on one occasion severely rated for eating some carrion, part of a dead and putrid sheep. Passing to leeward of the same carrion about an hour afterwards, the pointer evidently remembered the former scolding, and, giving her master an expressive look, continued to hunt. The stench from the carrion was so great as to be almost insupportable, and hurrying past it, her master was surprised to observe the pointer, generally a most obedient animal, make a sudden wheel, and draw directly upon the carcass, from which no whistling or command could prevent her. An advance to check her led to only her steady and regular approach, making point after point, to the dead sheep. Annoyed at this, her owner seized her by the neck and drew her away, when at that moment a cock grouse rose from the very mass of carrion, where it had possibly been feasting on maggots, and gaily crowing, flew down the hillside, but was in a few minutes afterwards safely bagged. After the bird had gone, the pointer at once cheerfully resumed her hunting. The sense of smell was so powerfully discriminative as to detect the presence of one small bird from amid the "horribly tainted air" from the dead sheep.—*Land and Water.*